

LITERARY NEWS

and

CRITICISM

A Group of Illustrated Holiday Books.

"COLONIAL."

THE COLONIAL HOMES OF PHILADELPHIA AND ITS NEIGHBORHOOD. By Harold Denison Eberlein and Horace Mather Lippincott. With 72 illustrations. Royal 8vo, pp. 365. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company.

This is the kind of book which is the more shrewdly made for the holidays in that it is also made to be preserved long afterward. The authors speak of the ill fortune which has overtaken more than one of the homes of our forefathers. Doubtless some of the houses which still stand in Philadel-

phia and its environs are here illustrated will before very long disappear. It is good to have, therefore, a rich photographic record of mansions admirable in themselves and full of associations, and the pictures are doubly welcome because of the stories that go with them. This book is concerned not alone with bricks and mortar but with old social types and ways. One pauses the more interestedly before Wain House, for example, when one has heard something about gay Master Nicholas of that ilk, one of the dandies and wits of the eighteenth century. It was Nicholas Wain who on first suspecting and then convicting his next door neighbor of stealing his fuel sent a cartload of wood to the offender. Unaware that the truth was known, this worthy asked with fury for an explanation. "Friend," quoth Nicholas, "I was afraid this would hurt thyself falling off my woodpile."

CHAUCER MODERNIZED.

THE COMPLETE POETICAL WORKS OF GEOFFREY CHAUCER. Now first put into modern English by Joseph S. P. Tuck and Percy Mackaye. Illustrations by Warwick Goble. Royal 8vo, pp. xii, 697. The Macmillan Company.

The obvious comment upon this work is anticipated by Professor Tatlock and Mr. MacKaye in their preface. To know Chaucer one must know him through his original text. But this, as every Chaucerian will admit, is not an easy task. Even the most devoted

flaming carelessness among the players. Macready had no sense of humor to speak of, but he tells with some realization of a joke at his expense the story of a performance of "Werner": "I was inconvenienced and rather annoyed by Ulric looking upon the ground, or anywhere but in my face, as he should have done. My displeasure, however, vanished on seeing the tears fast trickling down his cheek, and, forgiving his inaccuracy on the score of his sensibility, I continued the scene with augmented energy and feeling, and left it with a very favorable impression of the young man's judgment and warm-heartedness. In the course of the play he accosted me, begging my pardon for his apparent inattention to me, and explaining the cause, viz.: that he had painted his face so high on the cheek that the color had got into his eyes and kept them running during the whole act. What an unfortunate disclosure!" As troublesome to Macready as the drawbacks of the stage were the criticisms of the press. He was a man of forty, eminently successful and popular when he began this diary, but he

clones. We are reminded that only Charles Dickens, whom Macready loved and admired with his whole heart, remained above the ban of the actor's morbid fancy. These volumes are full of glimpses of his famous contemporaries. Some of the most interesting passages deal with Robert Browning, who undoubtedly gave Macready many weary moments over the discussion and production of his "Strafford." The actor lamented the poet's lack of literary "cleanness"; readers are lamenting that still.

JAPANESE VIEWS

An Artist's Apprenticeship in the School of Life.

WHEN I WAS A CHILD. By Yoshio Markino. Illustrated. 12mo, pp. xii, 291. Boston: The Houghton Mifflin Company.

Mr. Markino's earlier books, "A Japanese Artist in London" and "My Idealized John Bullness," maidens and matrons both, gave sufficient proof of his ability with the pen as well as with pencil and brush. Son of the East, he has something to say to us Occidentals that is worth listening to, and he says it with both unflinching respect for the truth as he sees it and for our feelings. If he is firm, he is also courteous. Bushido.

This third book of his carries his biography from the day of his birth, some thirty-odd years ago, to his arrival, via this continent, in England and his first success after a bitter and persistent struggle for emergence. He was the youngest child of a samurai, who later lost his money and left the youngster to make his way in the world alone. Purposely or unconsciously, Mr. Markino constantly shows us resemblances between Western and Eastern childhood below the vast outward divergences. His first lesson in bushido was, "When one is born a samurai he must not say 'hungry,' even when he starves to death." This is not so far remote from the teachings and standards of our own boyhood. It reminds one also of the story of the Spartan boy and the fox. The relations between little Yoshio and his elder brother and sister were perfect: "Surely," he says, "that gave some sweet euphony in my family, and we were the specimen for the children in our village."

In the present day of much confused discussion of matters educational, in a generation that has been deprived of the delights that memorizing of the classics yields in later years in the form of wisdom supremely well expressed; in this age, which quotes not, and shuns allusion, it is well to listen to this Japanese gentleman on the subject of the Japanese and Chinese philosophers, of Confucius and Mencius and other Eastern sages:

Those books are written poetically and in most pleasant euphony, so they were quite easy to read. Indeed, I could not thoroughly understand several parts, but even now I can remember almost every word distinctly. And the older I grow, the more I begin to understand.

Mr. Markino was not so unfamiliar with our conception of love as are the majority of his countrymen, since, fortunately, his parents' marriage had been a love match as well as an advantageous family arrangement according to Japanese views. His admiration of our romantic sentiment was fired by his reading of our poets, but when he came among us he wondered why they and the novelists did not write more about money, since that appears to be the source of more misery and happiness with us than the tender passion. "Stories which have no money matter are very false graphics."

It is, however, in its views on Christianity that the book is most interesting to us. Our identification of faith with

our Pacific Coast. As we began by saying, he is worth reading. That his numerous drawings in halftone and outline are worth looking at need hardly be added.

JUVENILIA

New Holiday Books for Boys and Girls.

TALES OF COLLEGE AND SCHOOL.

Of course, college and school stories must deal, first of all, with sports and athletics. There has been much serious discussion of the undue importance that is given them in our educational institutions, but so far as this sort of fiction is concerned, they serve, in the hands of capable and conscientious writers for the young, to instill in their readers the principles of good and fair sportsmanship, not a bad equipment for later life, indeed. Ralph D. Paine is one of the writers whose books one can safely place in a healthy boy's hands; Ralph Henry Barbour is another. From Mr. Paine we have this year "Campus Days" (Scribner), a tale of Yale, sound in principle, good, gentlemanly sport, and amusing in its introduction of a boy phenomenon, of the kind of which we have heard so much of late, the son and hothouse product of a psychologist, whom the campus undertakes to turn into a normal human being by introducing him to youth's joys of living. The story ends at Henley, with the struggle of the Yale crew for the Grand Challenge Cup.

Mr. Barbour is on deck with two new stories of school life, "Crofton Chums" (The Century Company), in which athletics have their allotted part, but which has also a delightfully intimate atmosphere in the boarding house for pupils kept by Mrs. Hazard and her daughter, assisted by her son, who is also one of the boys of Crofton Academy. Another preparatory school is the scene of Mr. Barbour's other story, "Change Signals" (Appleton). Its hero is a country boy from Maine, who is turned into the star kicker of the school's football team.

"Bucking the Line" and "The Captain of the Nine," both by William Heyliger (Appleton), proclaim their chief interest sufficiently in their titles. Mr. Heyliger makes an important feature of what, by analogy with similar practices in later walks of life, might be called "athletics politics"—the rivalry to "make" a team or a crew that does not stop at unfair means. Of course, the boys in his stories who thus demean themselves are appropriately defeated in their plottings, and come to see the light of ethics in a field whose very foundation rests on fair methods.

THE MARSHAL

A New Novel

by the Author of THE PERFECT TRIBUTE

Lofty in theme, strong in plot, ideal in setting, marked by a literary quality far above the average, *The Marshal* takes its place among the works of fiction that will live longer than an hour, a day, or a season.

—Pittsburgh Leader

Pictures by Castaigne. At all bookellers \$1.35 net. The Bobbs-Merrill Co., Pub.

and fair play. — Arthur Duffey, the undefeated champion sprinter, once more draws upon his own experience in "For Old Donchester" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard), "Donchester" being, of course, Worcester Academy. Mr. Duffey lays stress upon the clean living that ath-

E. Channon, who now adds to them a third, "Henley's American Captain" (Little, Brown). The hunting field, football, rowing, a country house visit, a kidnapping and a deservedly unpopular American boy form parts of the story. — High standards of honor in school life, and not only in athletics, are the teaching of Warren L. Eldred's "Classroom and Campus" (Lothrop, Lee & Shepard). The author points a moral without making his tale "preachy" or "goody-goody." Quite the reverse.

BOYS IN CAMP.

Elmer Russel Gregor's "Camping in the North Woods" (Harpers) will be found to be a most engaging narrative of winter camping and sport in Maine. The author takes two boys there who are entirely ignorant of the ways of the woodsman and the professional hunter, and thus creates for himself the opportunity, which he improves to the utmost, of describing in detail all the fascinating lore that tells so much to the experienced guide. Hunters may go into the Great Woods autumn after autumn without bringing down a deer, or even seeing a moose. Not so these two boys. Here are partridge and muskrat and lynx, beaver, otter, flying squirrels, deer, moose and bear, fishing through the ice, trapping, the most romantic of lumber cabins, and, for good measure running over, a forest fire, and whatever else the heart may desire in the wilderness. A good story, and good sport as well. Mr. Gregor knows whereof he writes. — Adventure, not sport, forms the substance of "Camping on the Great River" by Raymond S. Spears (Harpers). Life on the Mississippi is not



WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY. (From a portrait in "The Diaries of William Charles Macready.")

letics demand. He insists upon the sound body as the habitat of the healthy, alert mind. — The regrettable element of unfair rivalry and of repentance is insisted upon even more forcibly in another football story, Hawley Williams's "Quarterback Reckless" (Appleton). — An American boy at an English public school has been the subject of two capital stories by Frank

Scribner's 1913—Magazine—1913

A YEAR of EXTRAORDINARY FICTION

Beginning in the January number—

The Custom of the Country

By Edith Wharton

Author of "The House of Mirth"

An absorbing story of American social life. The career of the heroine, who comes from a provincial town to make a place for herself in New York society, will be more keenly discussed even than Lily Bart of "The House of Mirth."

Later will be published, as a serial extending through more than half the year, the latest work of

John Galsworthy

A story of striking originality both in conception and form.

John Fox's

fine story, *The Heart of the Hills*, will continue into the early months of 1913.

Germany and the Germans

from an American Point of View

By Price Collier

Author of "England and the English from an American Point of View." This new series on Germany will still further establish his reputation as one of the most brilliant and keen-sighted critics of recent times. Nothing has been written of modern Germany, or of the Emperor, with the frankness, or with the same disregard of anything but what the author believes to be the truth.

The Letters of William James

the famous psychologist, edited by his brother Henry James.

English Friends:

From the Letters and Journals of Charles Eliot Norton

Edited by Sara Norton and M. A. DeWolfe Howe

Impressions of Carlyle, Ruskin, Dickens, the Brownings, George Henry Lewes, Burne-Jones, John Stuart Mill, John Morley, and many other distinguished men.

The Way to See South America

Ernest Peixoto, the artist and traveler, will describe the things to be seen and how to see them.

The Man Behind the Bars

By Miss Winifred Taylor

Stories of convicts, of prison life, and of the careers of those who have served their terms.

Subscriptions to Scribner's Magazine may be sent direct to the publishers or to any bookseller, newsdealer, or subscription agent. The price is \$3.00 everywhere.

To include the articles on Germany, subscriptions should commence with November. 25c. a number; \$3.00 a year. Send for a Prospectus.

North Africa and the Desert. By George Edward Woodberry

Tunis, Algeria, and the near country. It may be foreseen what a subject they present to a traveler with the author's sense of the picturesque and poetic.

Modern Turkey

By H. G. Dwight

A group of articles that are full of charm and picturesqueness, at the same time dealing with modern conditions. Fully illustrated.

Senator Henry Cabot Lodge

will contribute other chapters of his "Early Memories."

When Payne wrote "Home, Sweet Home"

Letters from Paris, 1832-1833. Edited by his grandnephew, Thatcher T. Payne Luquer.

The Rise and Fall of Negro Minstrelsy

The Evolution of Scene Painting

Two articles by Brander Matthews, with illustrations.

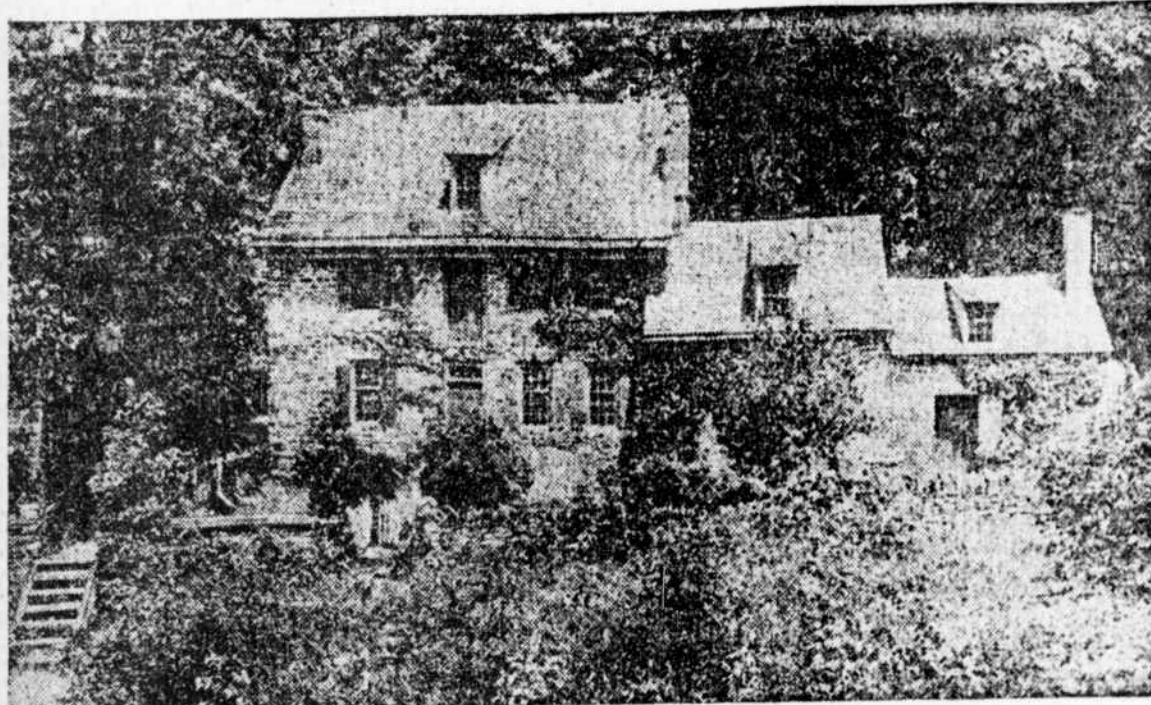
Special Numbers

dealing with subjects of great contemporary interest, and particularly the solution of the complicated problems of Modern Living, will be published from time to time.

The Christmas Scribner

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS, FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK

is a number of extraordinary interest and beauty.



GLEN FERN, ON THE WISSAHICKON CREEK, BUILT IN 1747. (From a photograph in "The Colonial Homes of Philadelphia.")

phila and its environs are here illustrated will before very long disappear. It is good to have, therefore, a rich photographic record of mansions admirable in themselves and full of associations, and the pictures are doubly welcome because of the stories that go with them. This book is concerned not alone with bricks and mortar but with old social types and ways. One pauses the more interestedly before Wain House, for example, when one has heard something about gay Master Nicholas of that ilk, one of the dandies and wits of the eighteenth century. It was Nicholas Wain who on first suspecting and then convicting his next door neighbor of stealing his fuel sent a cartload of wood to the offender. Unaware that the truth was known, this worthy asked with fury for an explanation. "Friend," quoth Nicholas, "I was afraid this would hurt thyself falling off my woodpile."

The book is full of anecdotes like this, brief human touches which bring back the warmth and charm of scores of historic homes. We hear of long obsolete domestic ways. We learn of eighteenth century sufferings from poor servants. "Those born in the country are insolent and extravagant. The imported Dutch are to the last degree ignorant and awkward. The negroes are stupid and sulky and stink damnable." Thus a plaintive Englishman, newly arrived in this country about a hundred and fifty years ago. And he had no hope of getting better service from his old home. "If you bring over a good one he is spoilt in a month."

It is history of a modest but useful sort that Mr. Eberlein and Mr. Lippincott have written, and in their illustrations they make a serviceable contribution to the annals of American art. These photographs show us the simplicity and dignity of the work done by our earlier architects and builders. They labored for a society that did not take its culture too seriously, but had, nevertheless, any quantity of good taste. The illustrations are well-printed and the book is in every way handsomely made.

POE, WITH PICTURES.

THE BELLS, AND OTHER POEMS. By Edgar Allan Poe. With illustrations. By Edmund Dulac. 4to, no pagination. George H. Doran Company.

There was a time when it seemed as if the gift book had had its day. That was because the pictures in it had grown hopelessly conventional and were printed merely as pictures, whether they had any real reason for being or not. Then the gift book "came back" on the surer foundation of a serious artistic purpose. Mr. Dulac has counted heavily in the new movement and he so counts again. A volume like this is really a kind of exhibition in little, a gallery in which we behold a man of talent wreaking himself with enthusiasm and skill upon a theme that has genuinely stirred him. The improved use of color in the press, which has attracted so much attention in the last few years, enables an illustrator to appeal to us in a book practically as in a collection of his original drawings. And Mr. Dulac's appeal is strong. His picturesqueness is not of the theatre, but of the true poetic world, of which his imagination makes him free. He has been very fortunate with Poe. In his figures, taken one by one, he shows that he can realize the haunting images of his author, and he weaves them into impressive designs. Especially do we appreciate this draftsman's feeling for background, for the envelope of mystery which Poe gave to all his motives. The solemn monumental landscape which he has painted for "Uranian" goes to the very heart of that poem. Of course, Poe receives in this instance the tribute of beautiful typography, and besides giving full value to Mr. Dulac's drawings in full page reproductions, the publishers have sup-

MACREADY'S DIARY

Life of an Actor in the Nineteenth Century.

THE DIARIES OF WILLIAM CHARLES MACREADY, 1832-1851. Edited by William Toynbee. Illustrated. In two volumes. Pp. 612-543. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

As we turn the pages of these bulky volumes the wonder grows that Macready lived to complete them, that vitality could endure through such waste of nerve strength and mental energy. A more tormented and tormenting creature than this famous actor surely never trod this earth. Thin skinned and morbid to an extraordinary degree, he was continually imagining slights, insults and injuries. He had an almost uncontrollable temper, and though there was hardly a day on which he did not deplore that fact he continued to give rein to his demon. It is recorded that he loved his art, but the associations of the stage and green-room he too heartily despised. His contempt naturally reacted upon his own nature, and in his recurring rages he descended into a ferocious abusiveness which left him with "scarcely a friend in the profession." And then, poor fellow, he was afterward moved to a self-castigation equally overpowering! The remorseful entries in his diary are so frequent and so despairing that they finally pall upon the reader. The hair shirt of the penitent was rarely off the actor's back, the scourge out of his hand. When, exasperated beyond bearing by the behavior of his manager, the "reptile" Bunn, he struck the man, his peace was for a long time effectively destroyed. "No enemy can censure me more harshly, no friend lament more deeply my forgetfulness of all I ought to have thought upon," he writes in his diary. He was ready to fight a duel with Bunn had the aggrieved "reptile" called him out, but that canny personage contented himself with a suit at law and substantial damages—there was more comfort in £150 than in a pistol shot.

The shortcomings of the actors playing with him had their natural effect in rousing that always ready temper of Macready's. Some of those found in provincial theatres we cannot blame him for rating. What can be done by a star when three people on the stage know scarce anything of their parts and a fourth is incapable of giving two consecutive lines of three acts? Even on the London stage there was an in-



YOSHIO MARKINO, AUTHOR OF "WHEN I WAS A CHILD." (From a photograph.)

not just," and he candidly told Foster so. The incensed Foster attributed the censure to the ingenuity of Macready, and in an Edinburgh theatre afterward hissed one of Macready's performances—a discourtesy abominable in the eyes of brother actors. As we read the story of those far-off days it is evident that the aggression, like the burning hate, was on the side of Foster. Macready had an explosive but quickly subsiding temper; he had not venom; and violent revengefulness.

The most attractive phases of Macready's life and character, as visible in these diaries, are those associated with his home. His deep love for his wife and children won from them an equal response, and they were genuinely happy together. His old-fashioned training of his youngsters was perhaps not always wise, but it was most conscientious and tender. His friendships with his fellow Victorians distinguished in literature and the arts are not always as pleasant to contemplate. He was often distrustful of their faithfulness and prone to take dark views of their procedures in regard to him. Even the beloved Foster was not always safe from his suspi-

conduct puzzled the young Japanese, especially when he found that, among the missionaries at least, the conduct was based on expectancy of surpassing rewards in the life hereafter. Emotional religion did not appeal to him when a revival "was broken out in the Church." He also reveals to us once more how closely the Orientals watch the conduct of Christian missionaries, and how much there is in it that, from their viewpoint, can only lead to doubt, suspicion and even contempt.

As to the Bible, Genesis and Exodus resemble the Japanese "Kojiki." The literature of the country has its own version of the judgment of Solomon. Ecclesiastes is "very like our philosophy," and from the literature point of view it is nearest to our own way. As to the Book of Ruth:

Well, I cannot express my feelings with my poor English. I felt as if some strings came out from the book and tied up my head and heart together, and pulled them toward the page. Even now her sweet-ness and loyalty to her mother-in-law is one of the great revelations to my ethical mind. By the way, Japan has had many wonderful histories of the loyal wives, when the latter performed bushido beautifully, and indeed Ruth was a real bushido too.

Mr. Markino remembers without bitterness his humiliating experiences on